PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOV 1983 $3.00

PENTHOUSE

02242

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NOV. 1983 $3.00

DAVID BOWIE

ON DRUGS,
BISEXUALITY,
AND
ROCK
'N' ROLL

'SON OF SAM'

HORRIFIC NEW CONFESSIONS

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PENTHOUSE®

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This month's cover features Pet of the Month Lale Hansen, who was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and a Norman 200B portable strobe. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 37.

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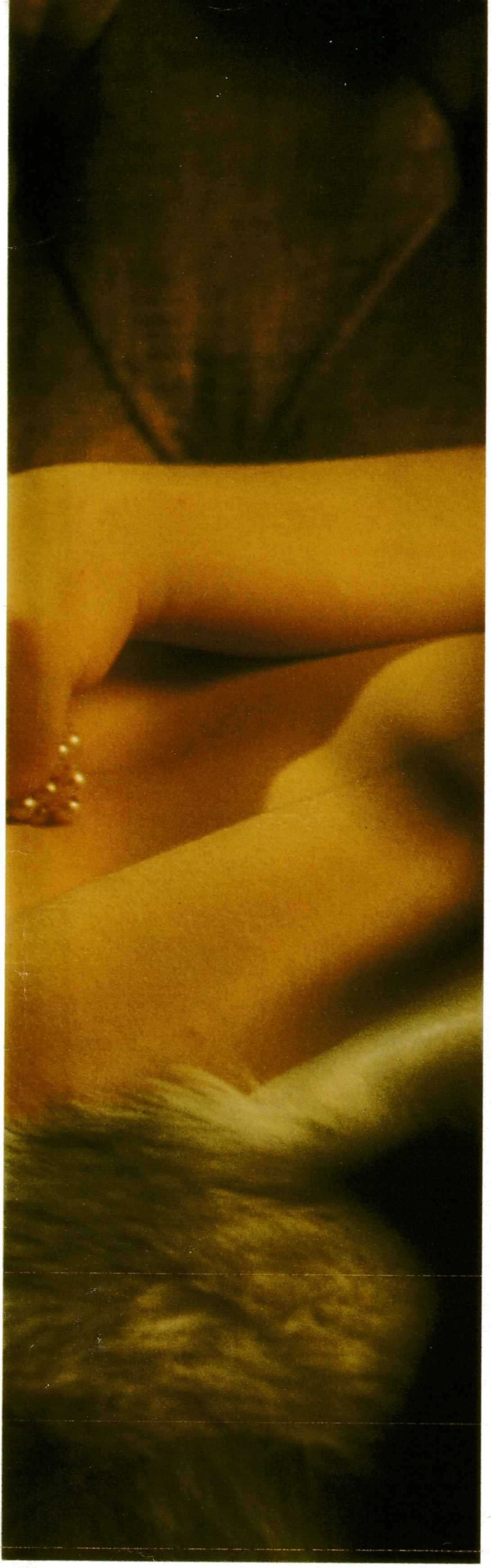


THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ED HOLZMAN

Sometimes, sighs green-eyed Julia Parton, you can have too much of a good thing. Having developed her rather spectacular 36D-26-34 superstructure at a very tender age, she's had to get tough to keep the Mongol hordes at bay. She's tried everything, but desire hearkens not unto reason, and thus we have the simple, irrational, all-pervasive behavior that Julia inspires...

With so many supplicants about, twenty-one-year-old Julia at least can afford to be choosy. (Call her a worldly new brave exploring a brave new world.) When unencumbered romantically, she ventures out on her own.

Usually, her roommate goes along for the ride to serve as a traveling companion and female bodyguard. When you're as criminally captivating as Julia, crossing borders can be dangerous...

Ironically, once admirers get wind of our Kentucky-born lady's fabled, up-front, and frisky personality, those with less than true grit back off. "Egotistical men are wary of me," she explains.

They're the kind, Julia notes, that have a pathological need to prevail in every situation. They could never play second fiddle to a woman, and they tend to believe that she should act like a lady instead of a woman anyway.

Some men even get
uneasy when they learn that our
self-sufficient Pet has an
interest in a roofing business
and does some of the
hard, sweaty labor herself. On the
other hand, the kind of
men Julia does respond to are all
for raising the roof and
climbing *her* ladder to success.
Then, she adds with a
promising smile, the sky's
the limit.

*‘Once, stranded
on a mountaintop, my
lover and I
fell asleep in the snow,
then invented
ways to thaw out our
frostbite.’*

LALE

MORE THAN HER FAIR SHARE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

Looking at lissome five-foot-eight-inch Lale Hansen, our November Pet of the Month, a guy could get Colorado Rocky Mountain high even before he knows she's from Denver. Outdoor types in that area might even have spotted our Pet indulging in one of her favorite death-defying sports.

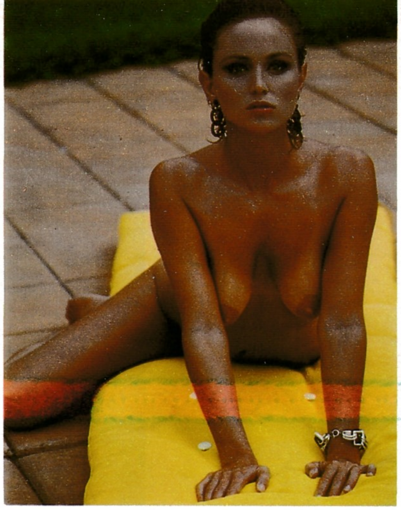
At twenty-five, she thinks nothing of risking her 36-24-36-inch body—or even her neck—for the thrill of skiing, motorcycle riding, or rock climbing. "I'm still too young to believe I'm not immortal," she explains—which makes a whole lot of sense coming from a goddess!

Despite her natural affinity for the physical, Lale is proud of her bachelor of science in marketing and management. So far, her skills have been successfully tested in working for a women's design group.

"I not only model swimsuits," she explains, "I also help 'strategize' their sale and distribution to various buyers." Considering our Pet's exotic blend of brains and beauty, we'd call this a seller's market!

Lale's romantic life is rather complicated at the moment. It appears that she broke up with one guy after a big argument, then fell for another guy on the rebound. Guy number one, coming to his senses, begged her to come back and Lale, being a fair-minded creature, agreed to give him a second chance. All of which does not sit well with guy number two. Our advice: Half a sugarloaf is better than none...

Speaking of Sugar Loaf, says Lale, "I had this incredibly erotic experience once when we became stranded during a mountain-climbing expedition. It started to snow and we curled up under an overhang."



"After making love, partly to keep warm, we both fell asleep. When we woke up, we had frostbite!" Luckily, they found a way to thaw out.

This sparkling Denver nugget
seems flawless, but by her own admission,
she succumbs to the sin of
unbridled greed. She confesses to believing
that two ardent lovers are
better than one! We, of course, forgive her.

MISS LALE HANSEN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE SPIRIT WAS WILLING

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER

As she wanders alone in the mansion, the lovely young housesitter senses something odd and strangely erotic. She hears faint masculine sounds...long-ago echoes of leather boots, horses, and swordplay. Her mind, she assumes, is playing tricks on her love-starved body. Like a shadow that follows her from room to room, something stirs in the ancient timbers. This afternoon, she stretches her long, catlike body on the cool tile floor. Then, under the secret gaze of the shadow, she caresses herself, falling into a fitful, half-satisfied sleep.... Awakened by a crashing sound, she is startled to see the phantom form of an ancient swordsman. She recognizes his face from a portrait hanging above the mantel. He was, she knows, the bold and reckless adventurer who'd built this home a century ago. She is frightened till she touches the tip of the sword her visitor extends in passion and peace. She is jolted by the indescribable current that passes between them...

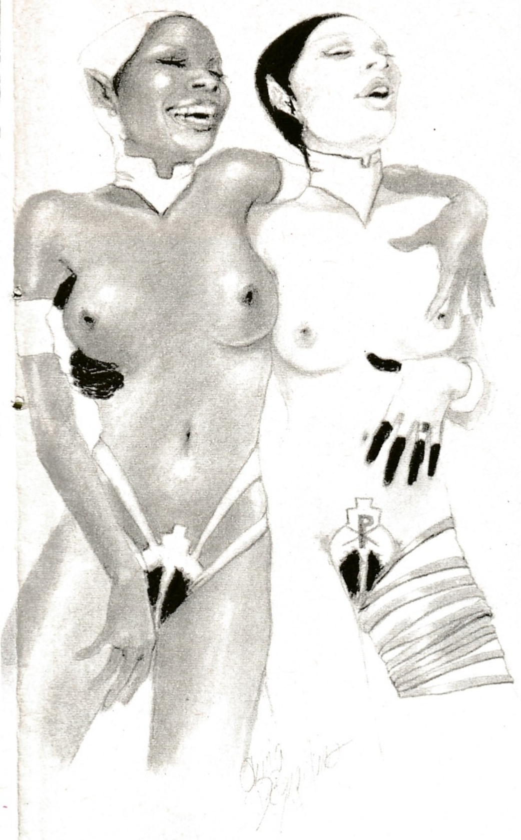
He'd been, as everyone knows, a notorious ladies' man. Could her uncontained desire, her blatant bawdom, have summoned him back, lured him from his spiritual pursuits with the palpable promise of fleshy new adventures? Trembling, she unbuckles the only obstacle that stands between the naked and the dead...

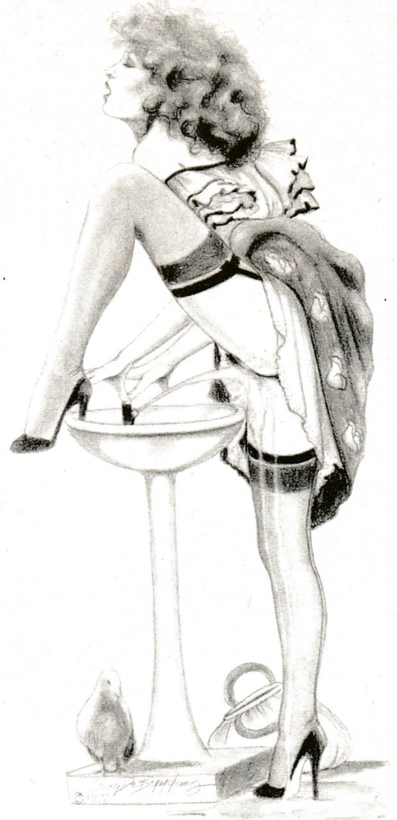
She shudders with relief as her phantom lover springs to life. Softly, she caresses him and admires his rapierlike member as he moves toward the moist valley between her loins. Real or not, she senses, there is more than the ghost of a chance that this is the dream of a lifetime...soon, with seemingly effortless ease, his searching hand touches her to the quick, making the dream come true...

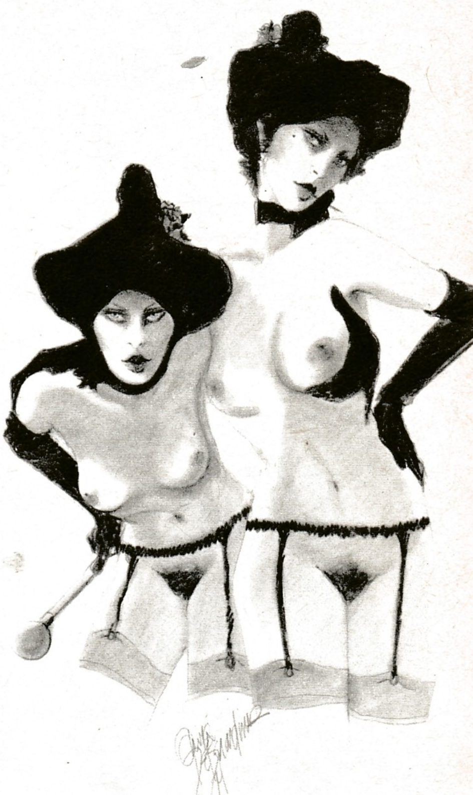
Makeup by John Maldonado; hair by Darlene De Freitas.

Impaling herself on this rampant swordsman, she surrenders first to the stabbing pleasure of his supernatural member, then abandons herself completely by giving him the bouquet of her mouth. How many times can a man expire? Ethereal or not, when her ghostly lover parts her thighs, the molten heat of his mouth invokes the volcanic eruptions of a world being born...

Wordlessly, the lovers continue their rapt ministrations through the night, charged with an energy transcending the boundaries of time and space. The young and restless know that only in the twilight world of unexplained phenomena could such a creature exist: A young and tireless lover, blessed with a century of experience!

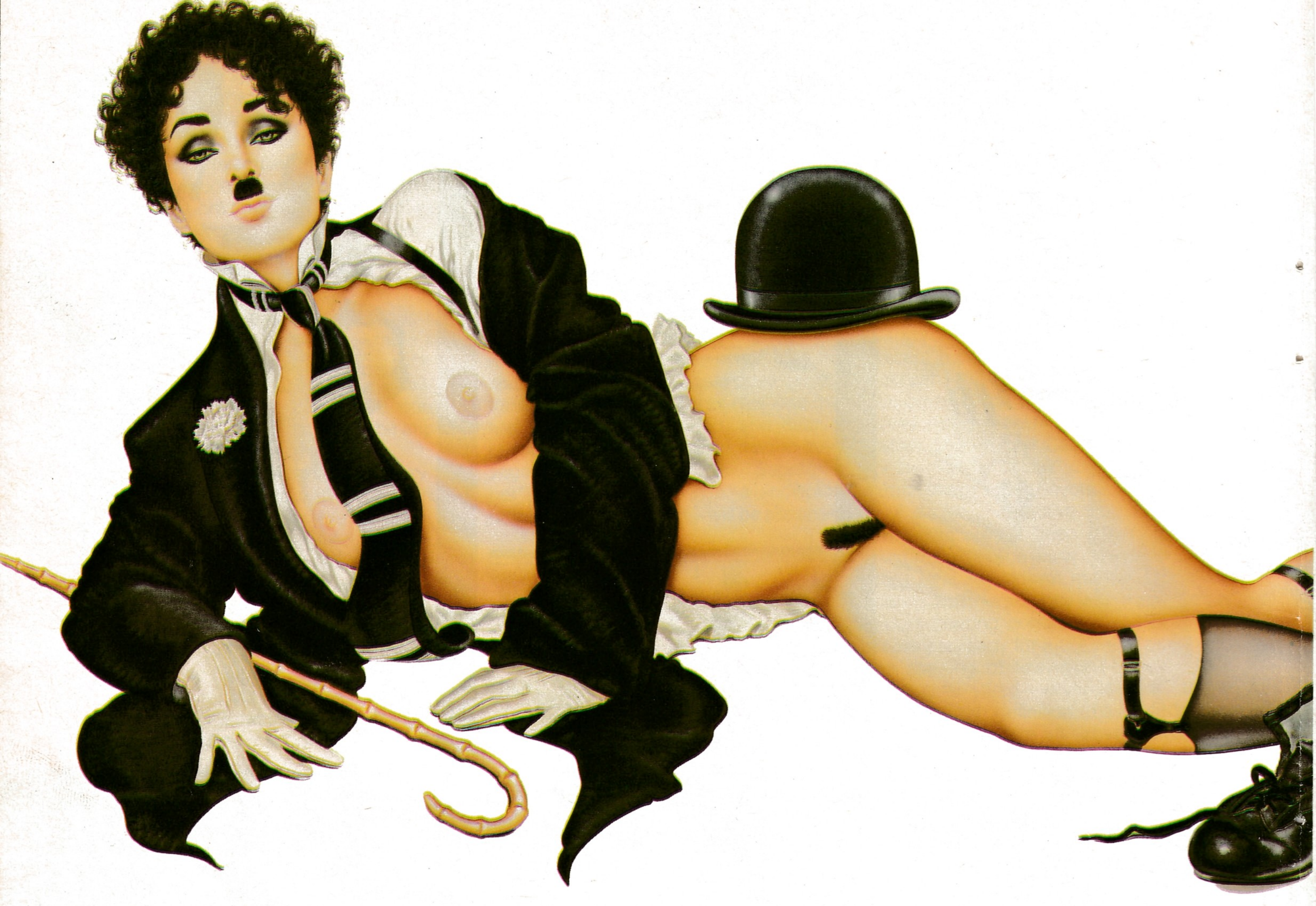






OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS

The exquisitely sophisticated, hauntingly sensuous art of Olivia de Berardinis has securely established her position as one of the premiere erotic artists of our time. The gifted young painter adds to her technical mastery a playful sense of opulence and irony that have created a growing demand among collectors for original "Olivias." *Penthouse* is therefore extremely pleased to present the first comprehensive retrospective of her work, and plans to regularly publish samples of future "Olivia" erotica in upcoming issues. Despite her astonishing ability to titillate the senses and tantalize the mind with her audacious vixens, de Berardinis is refreshingly free of artistic pretension. Asked what inspired the zebra lady (left), she declared, "Oh, I always thought zebras had incredibly sexy asses!"

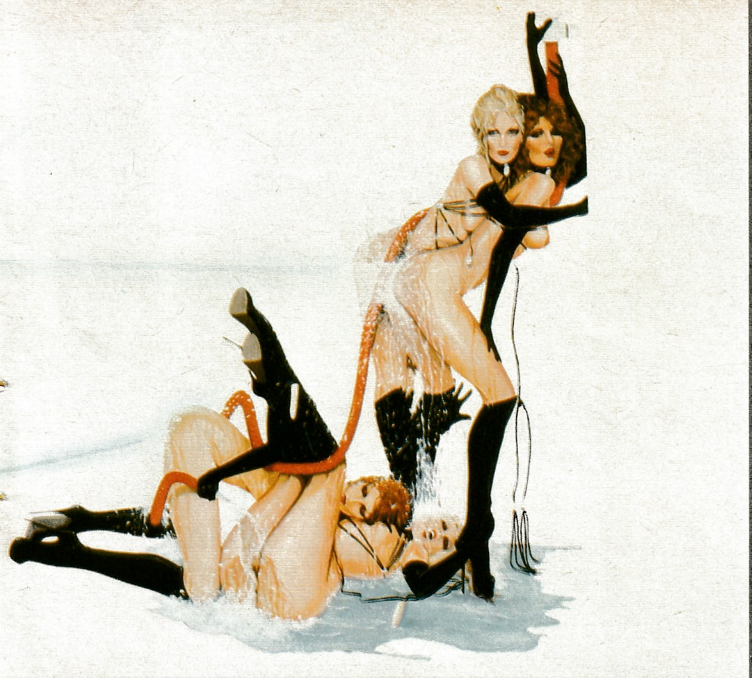


Olivia
©1981

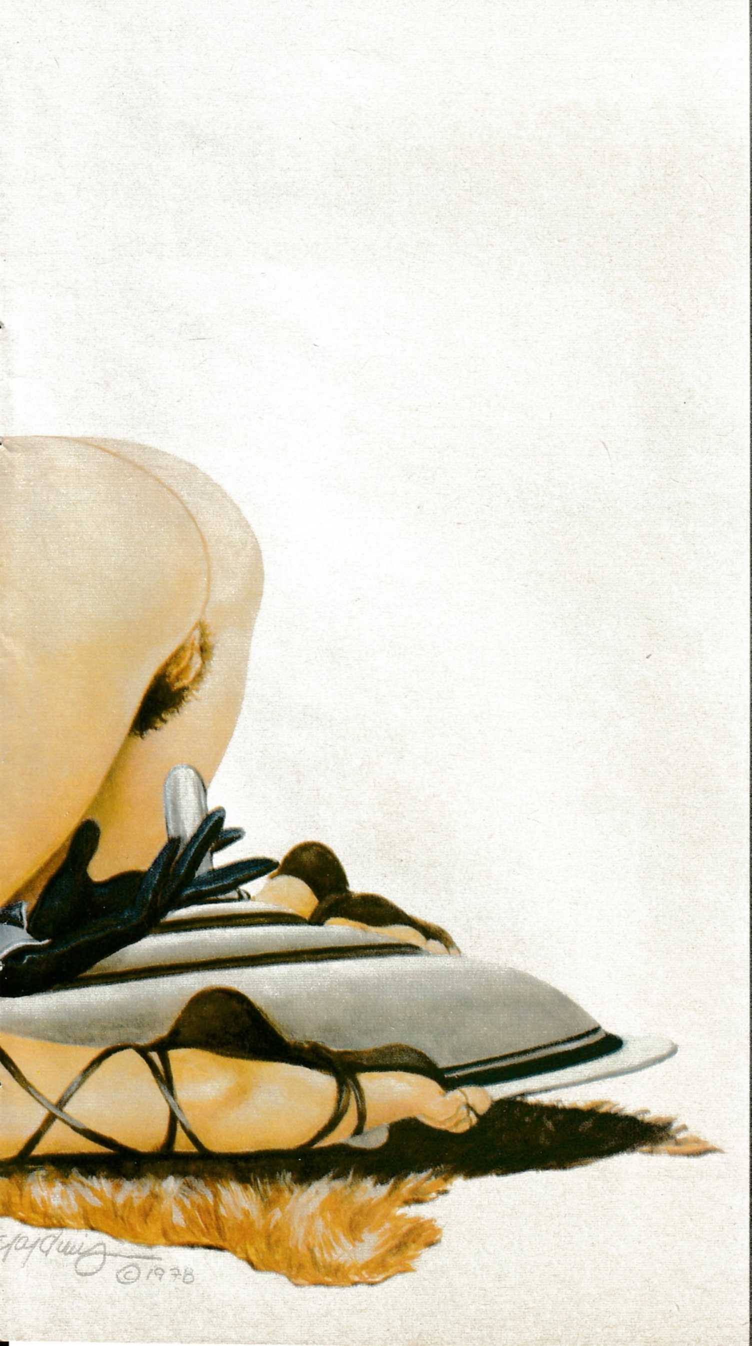
Olivia De Berardinis ©1976

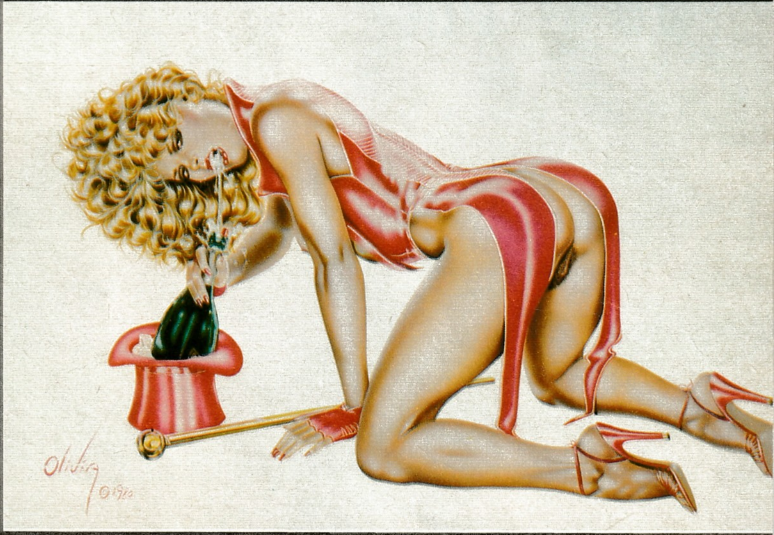
Olivia 78

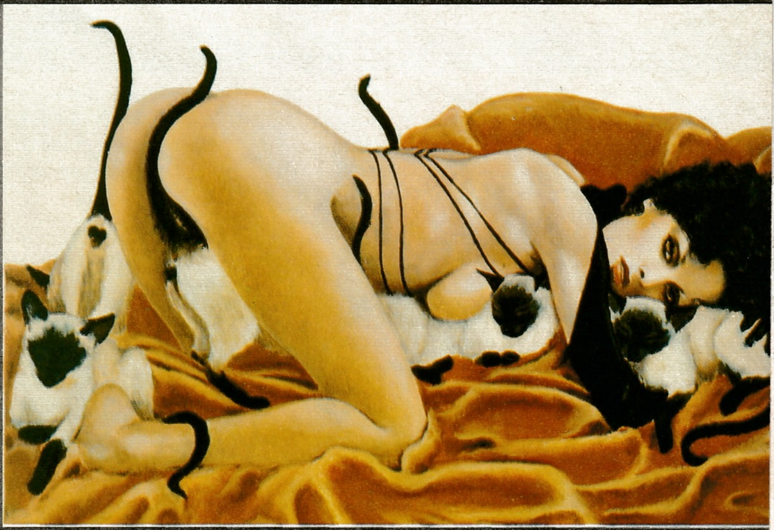
Olivia De

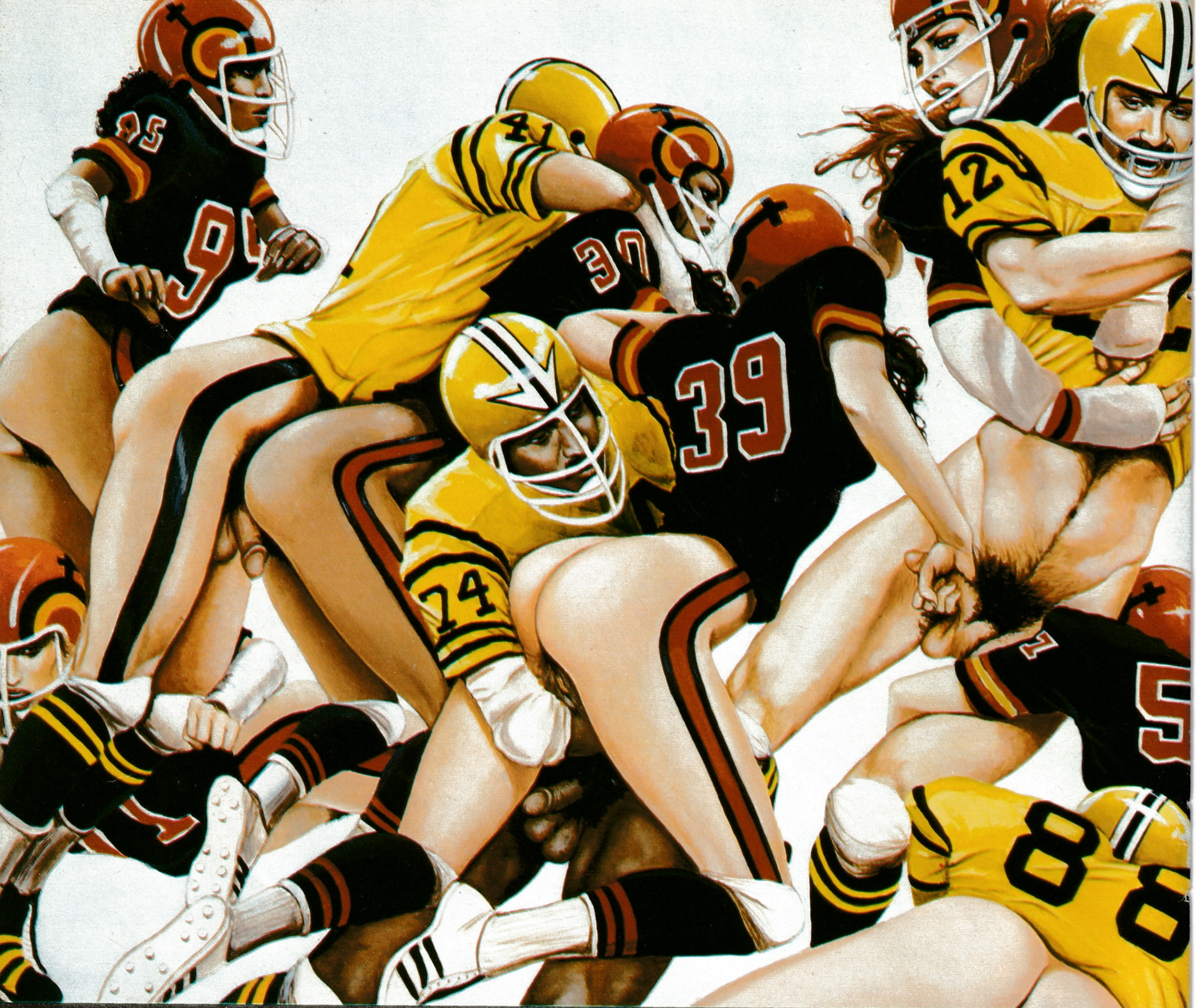


Optical illusions and tricks of perspective are another of the artist's hallmarks, amply evidenced by the leggy beauties (opposite page, top left) trying on shoes; and the ladies with the hoses (left) may never be accepted into a conventional garden club. (Bottom left) A fantasy figure–half-woman, half-ram–is a tongue-in-cheek answer to the goatlike male satyr; the luscious *bon vivant* (below) hardly evokes prim-and-proper conventionality; and (bottom) the artist's pet Siamese, with their black-masked faces, caress a feline beauty.





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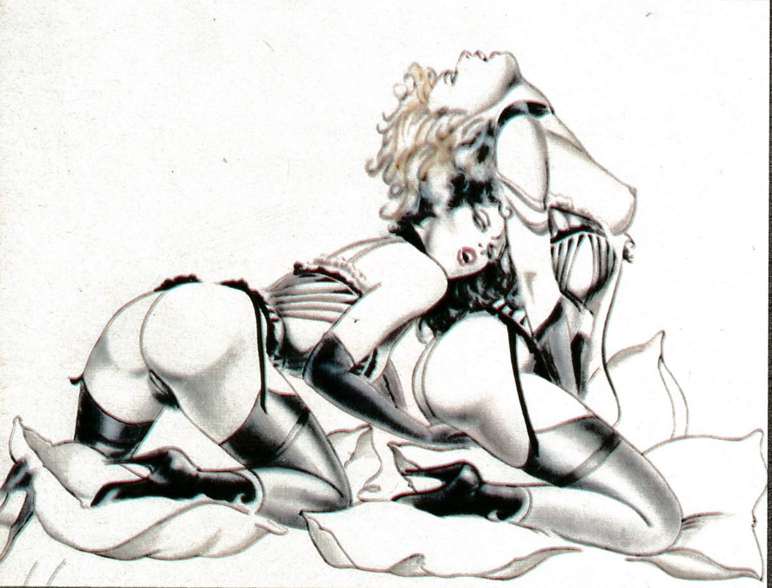
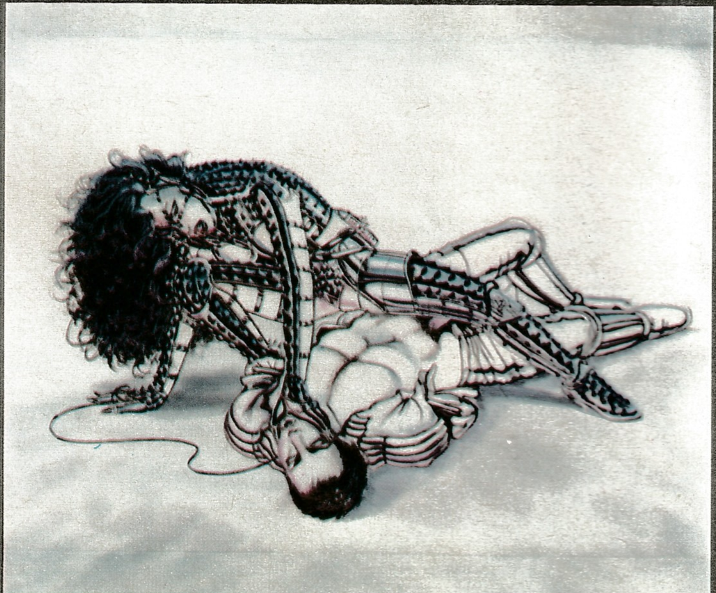
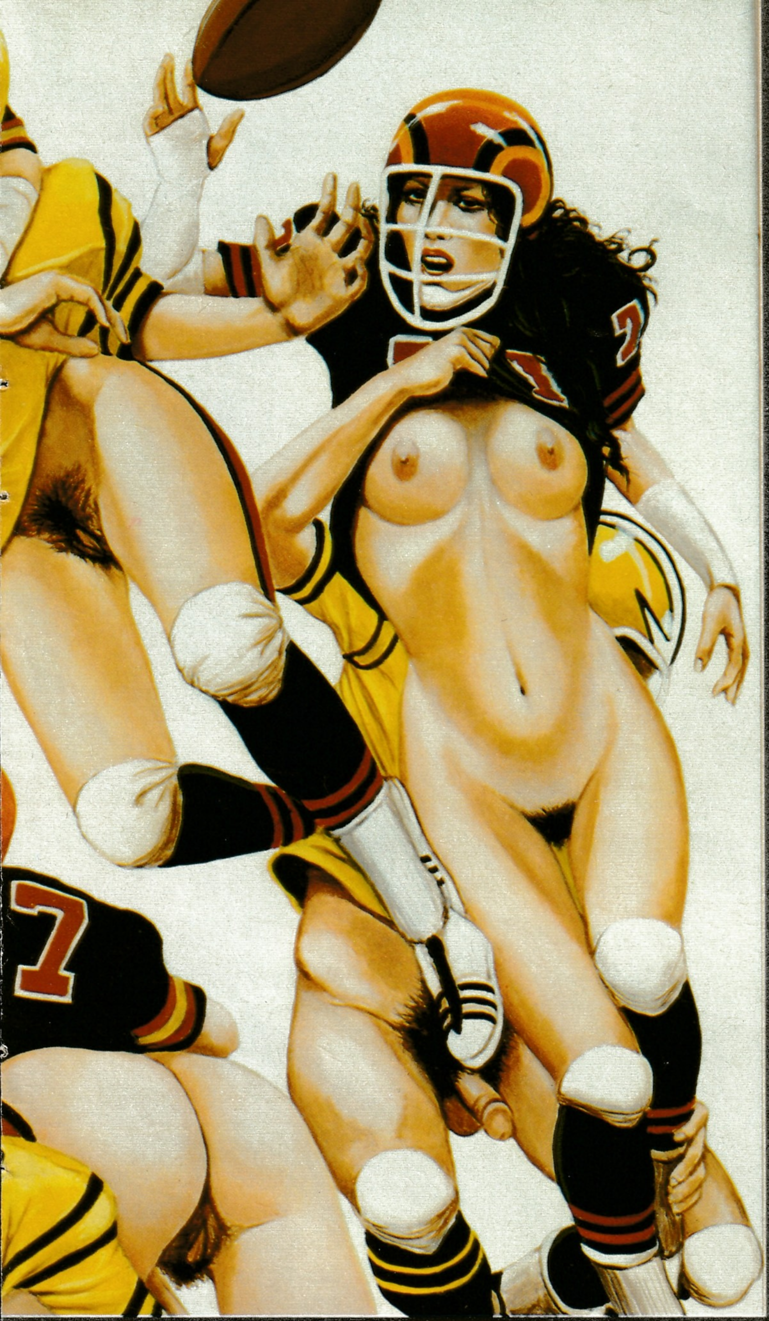
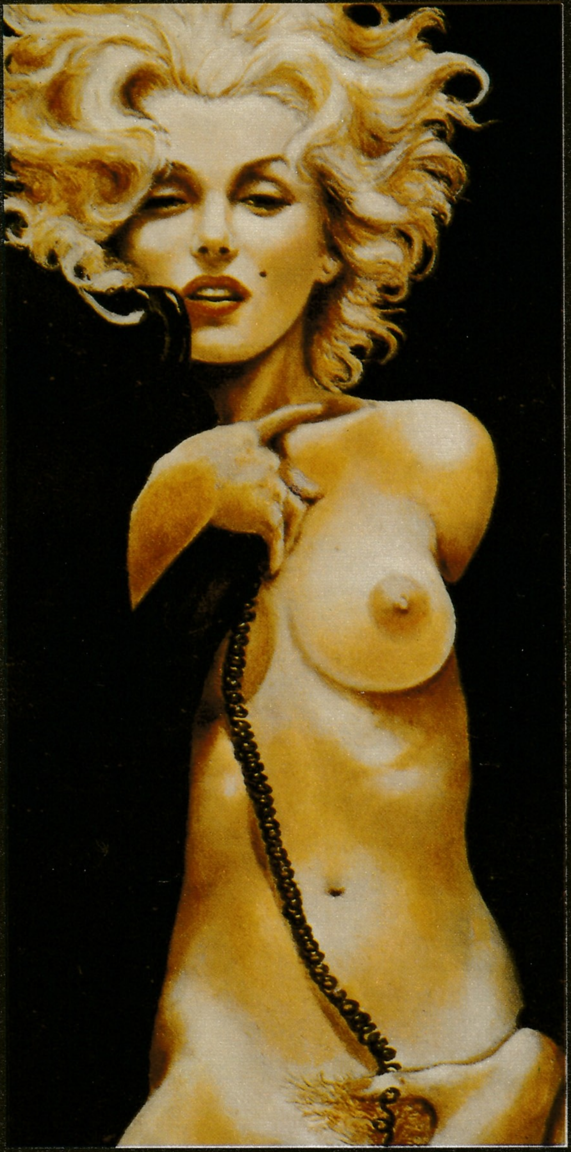
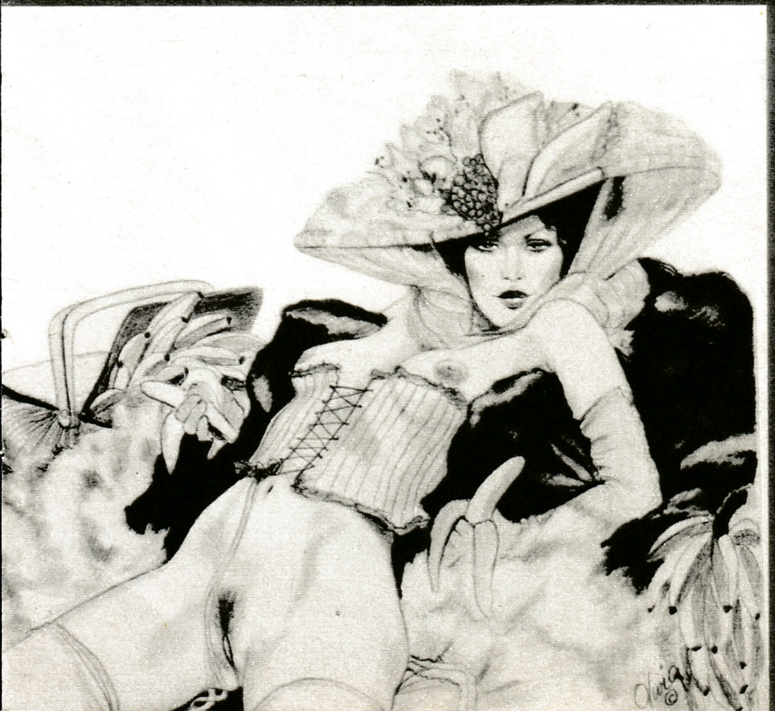






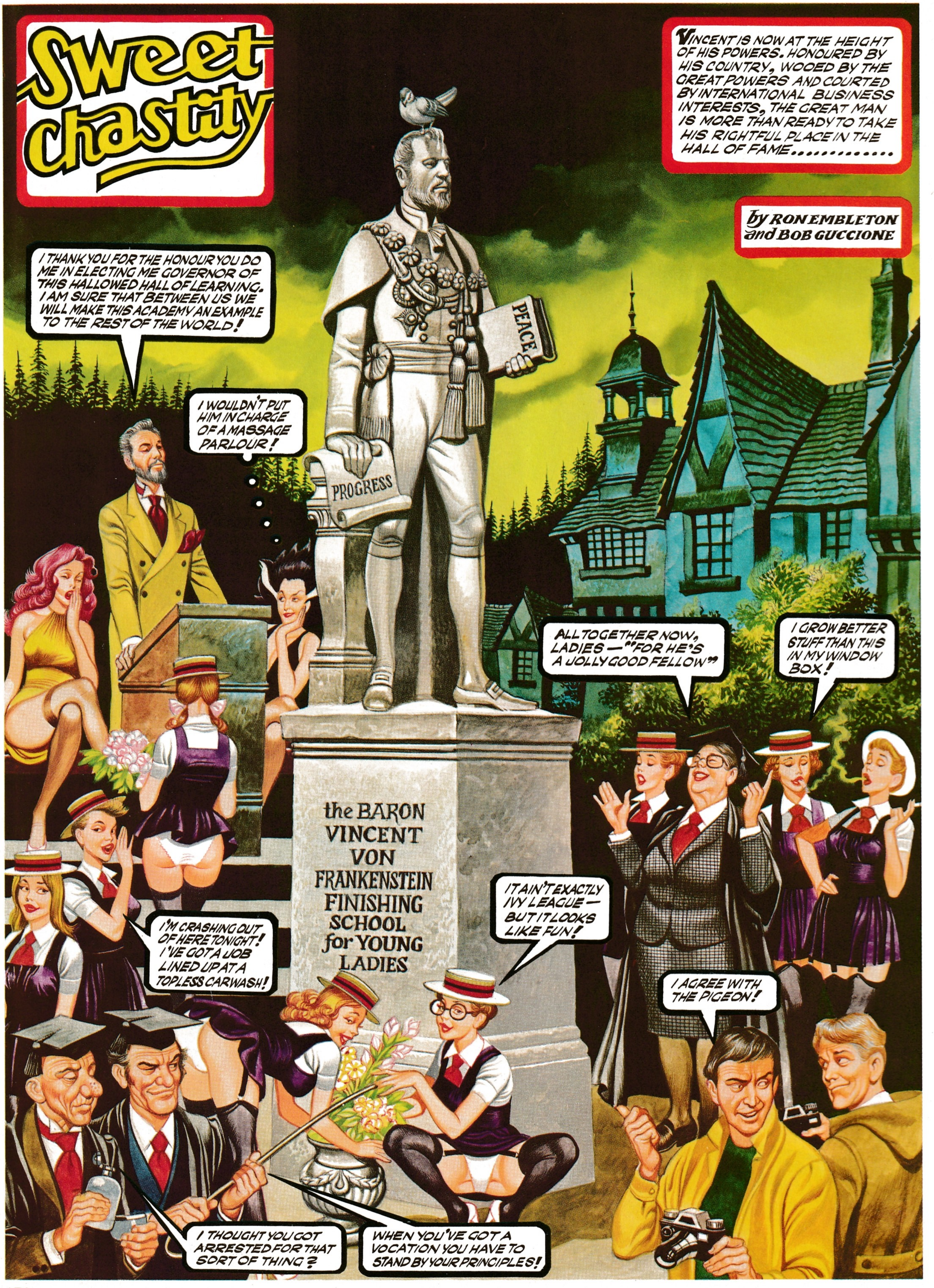


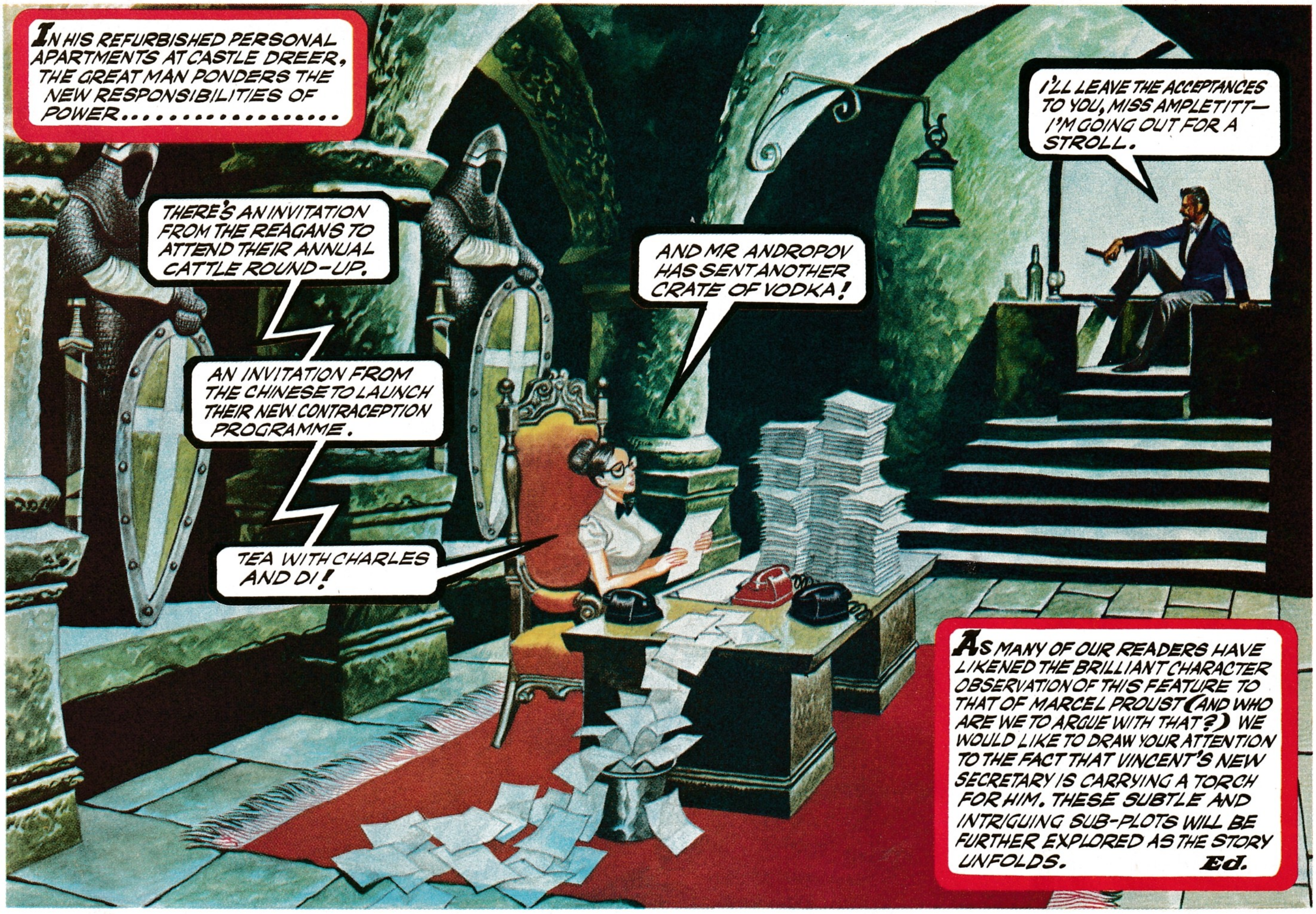


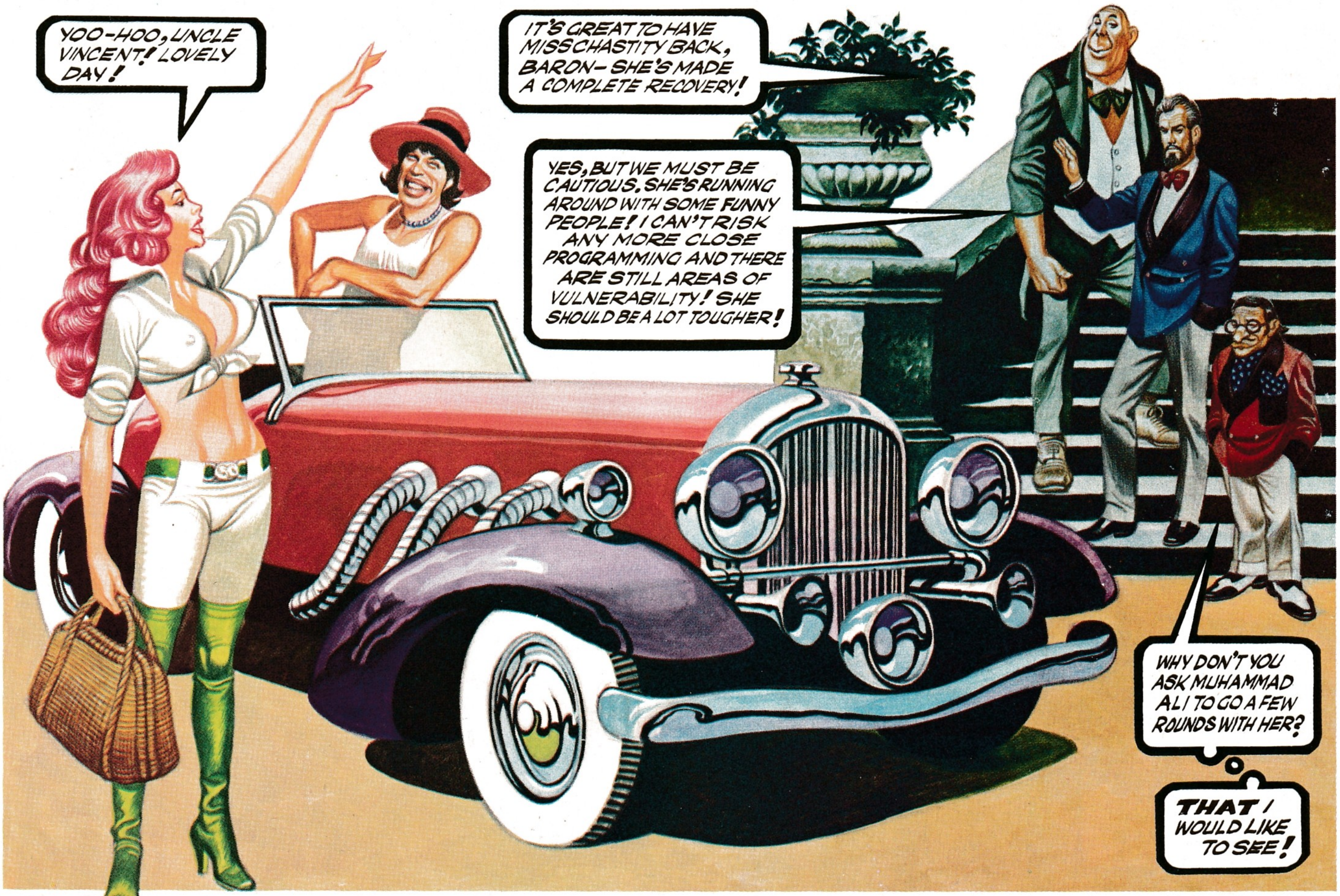
One reason for de Berardinis's immense popularity is the frank appeal her work makes to *female* fantasies as well. (Counterclockwise from top left) Women who find the thrust-out haunches of huddling football players provocative will appreciate de Berardinis's pileup; they will also identify with her portrayals of women who obviously have no truck with Emily Post's philosophy; and although de Berardinis's Marilyn Monroe echoes a famous classic, it is—like this artist herself—a true original.

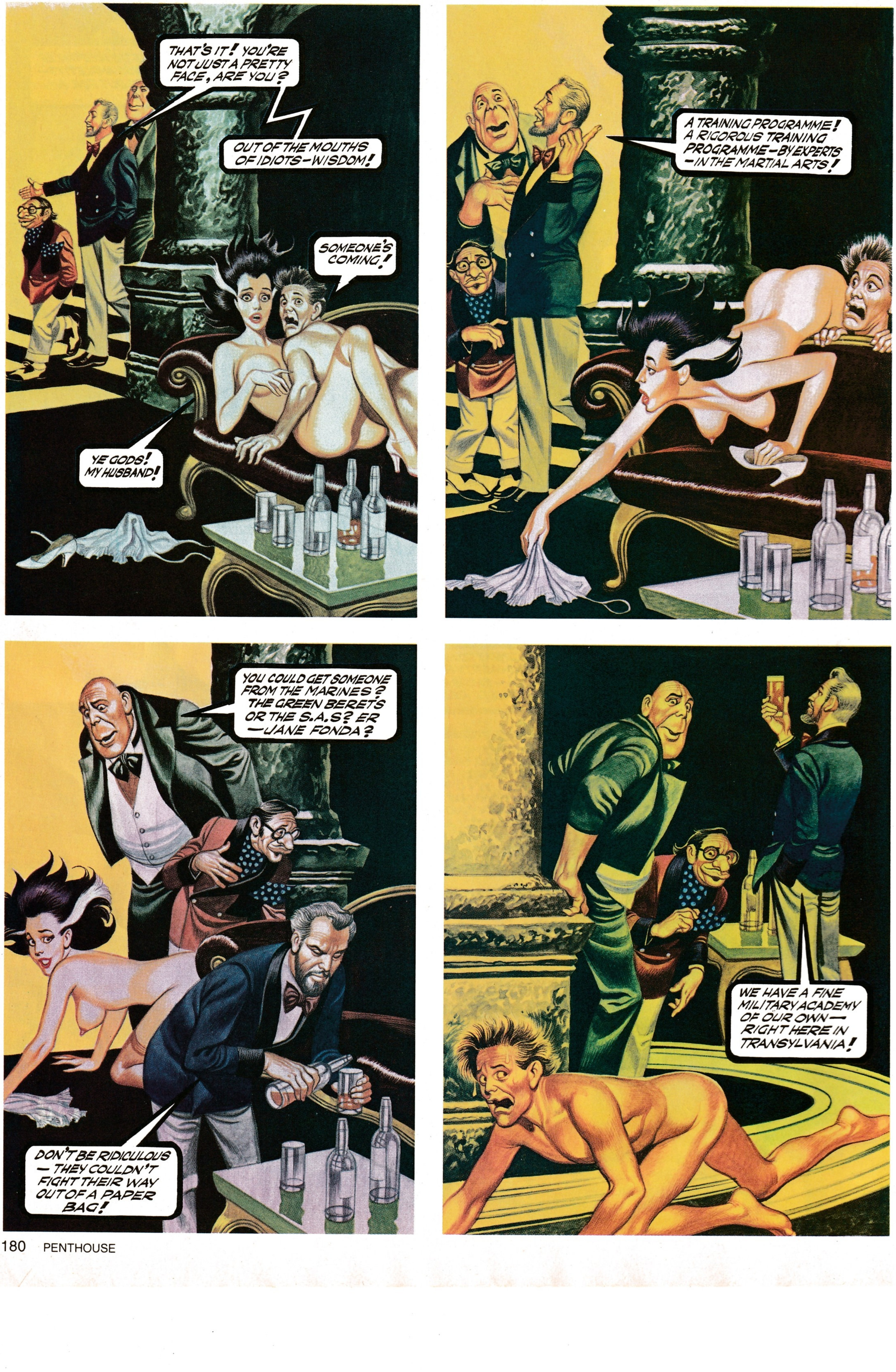
Sweet chastity

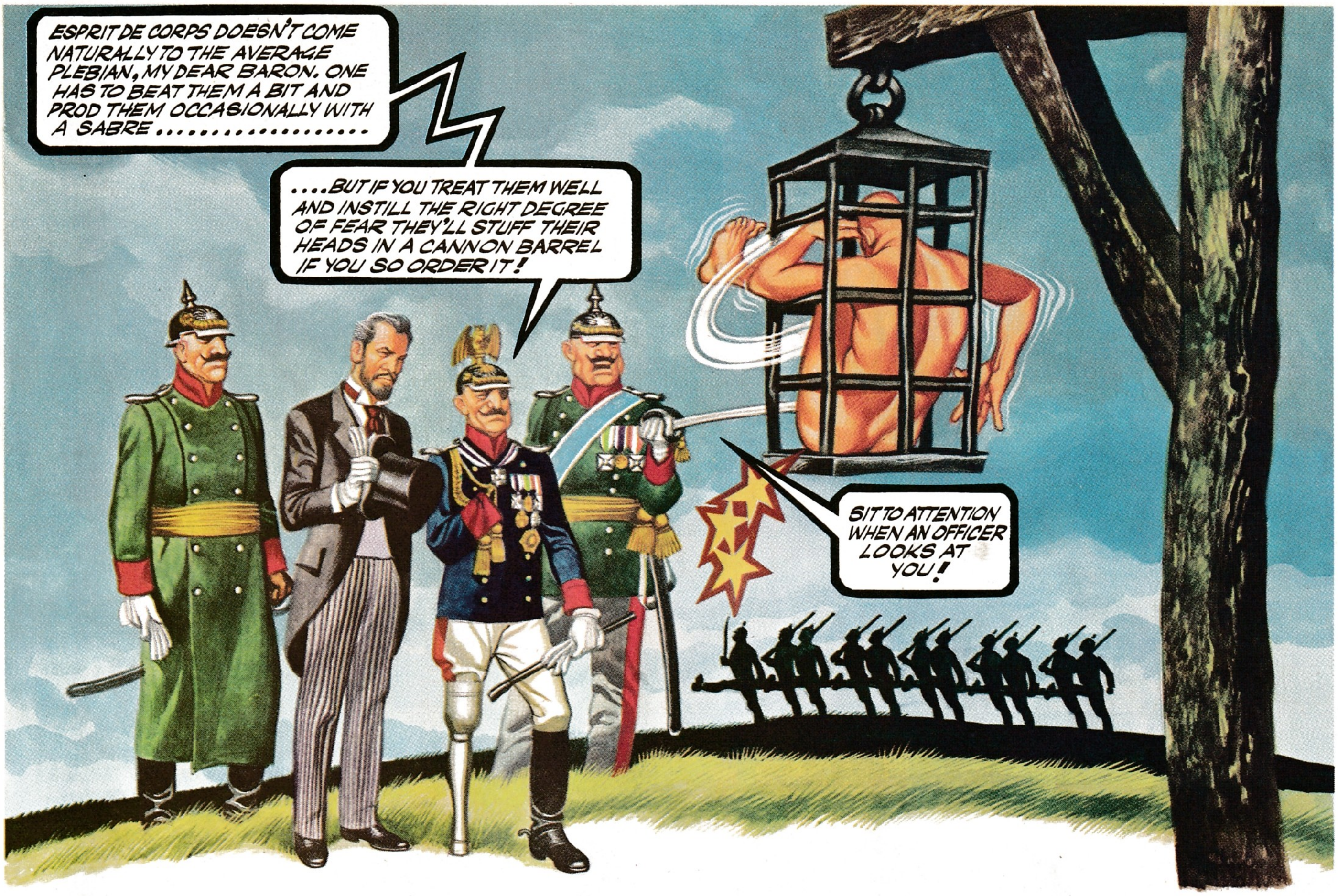
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

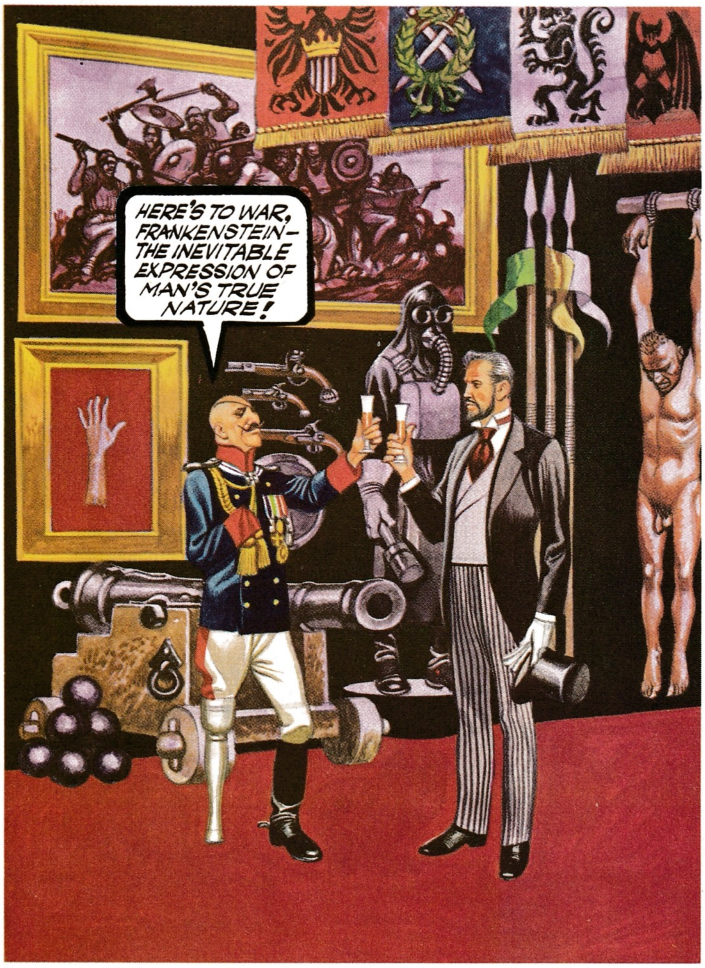

VINCENT IS NOW AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS POWERS. HONOURED BY HIS COUNTRY, WOOED BY THE GREAT POWERS AND COURTED BY INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS INTERESTS, THE GREAT MAN IS MORE THAN READY TO TAKE HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE IN THE HALL OF FAME..............
I THANK YOU FOR THE HONOUR YOU DO ME IN ELECTING ME GOVERNOR OF THIS HALLOWED HALL OF LEARNING. I AM SURE THAT BETWEEN US WE WILL MAKE THIS ACADEMY AN EXAMPLE TO THE REST OF THE WORLD!
PEACE
I WOULDN'T PUT HIM IN CHARGE OF A MASSAGE PARLOUR!
PROGRESS
the BARON VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN FINISHING SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES
ALL TOGETHER NOW, LADIES — "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW"
I GROW BETTER STUFF THAN THIS IN MY WINDOW BOX!
I'M CRASHING OUT OF HERE TONIGHT! I'VE GOT A JOB LINED UP AT A TOPLESS CARWASH!
IT AIN'T EXACTLY IVY LEAGUE — BUT IT LOOKS LIKE FUN!
I AGREE WITH THE PIGEON!
I THOUGHT YOU GOT ARRESTED FOR THAT SORT OF THING?
WHEN YOU'VE GOT A VOCATION YOU HAVE TO STAND BY YOUR PRINCIPLES!

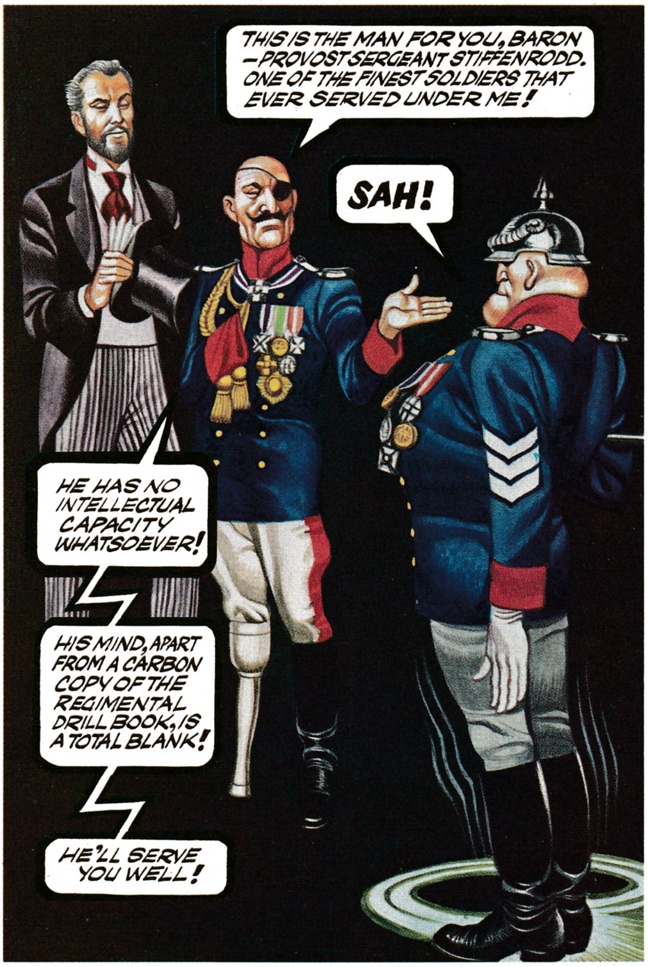

IN HIS REFURBISHED PERSONAL APARTMENTS AT CASTLE DREER, THE GREAT MAN PONDERS THE NEW RESPONSIBILITIES OF POWER..................
THERE'S AN INVITATION FROM THE REAGANS TO ATTEND THEIR ANNUAL CATTLE ROUND-UP.
AN INVITATION FROM THE CHINESE TO LAUNCH THEIR NEW CONTRACEPTION PROGRAMME.
TEA WITH CHARLES AND DI!
AND MR ANDROPOV HAS SENT ANOTHER CRATE OF VODKA!
I'LL LEAVE THE ACCEPTANCES TO YOU, MISS AMPLETITT— I'M GOING OUT FOR A STROLL.
AS MANY OF OUR READERS HAVE LIKENED THE BRILLIANT CHARACTER OBSERVATION OF THIS FEATURE TO THAT OF MARCEL PROUST (AND WHO ARE WE TO ARGUE WITH THAT?) WE WOULD LIKE TO DRAW YOUR ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT VINCENT'S NEW SECRETARY IS CARRYING A TORCH FOR HIM. THESE SUBTLE AND INTRIGUING SUB-PLOTS WILL BE FURTHER EXPLORED AS THE STORY UNFOLDS. Ed.

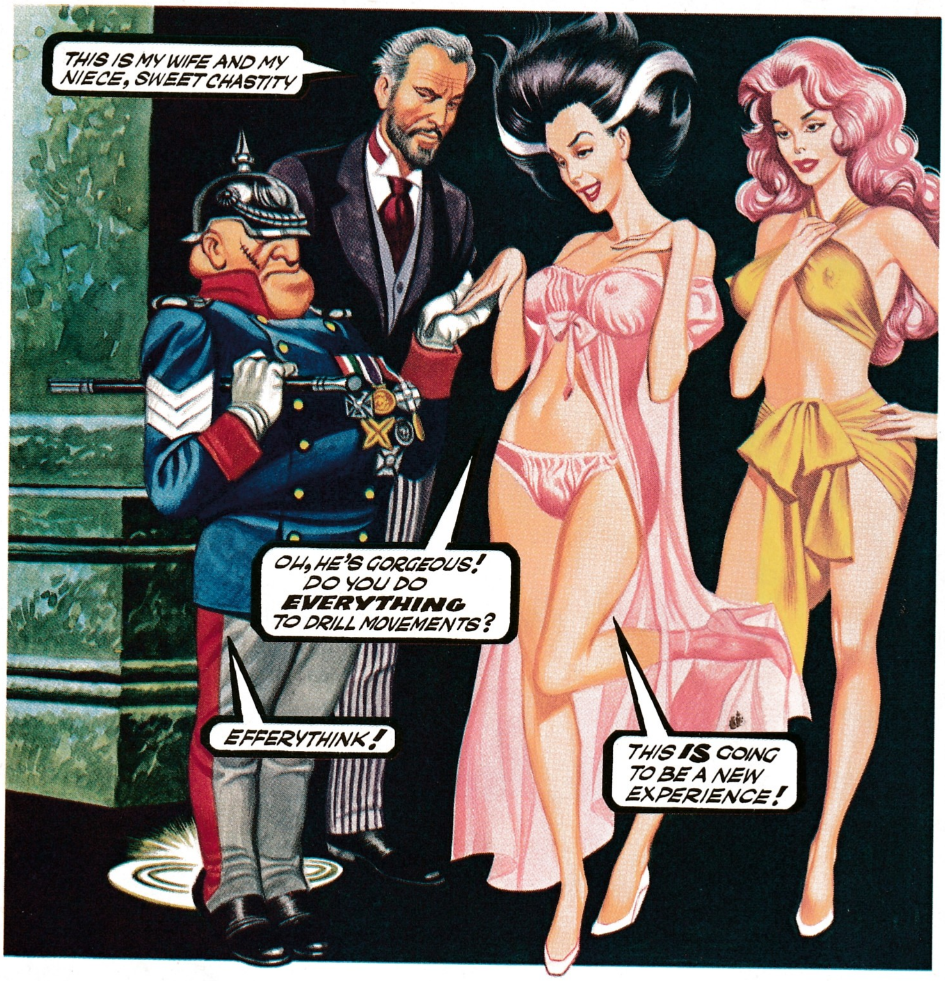

YOO-HOO, UNCLE VINCENT! LOVELY DAY!
IT'S GREAT TO HAVE MISS CHASTITY BACK, BARON— SHE'S MADE A COMPLETE RECOVERY!
YES, BUT WE MUST BE CAUTIOUS. SHE'S RUNNING AROUND WITH SOME FUNNY PEOPLE! I CAN'T RISK ANY MORE CLOSE PROGRAMMING AND THERE ARE STILL AREAS OF VULNERABILITY! SHE SHOULD BE A LOT TOUGHER!
WHY DON'T YOU ASK MUHAMMAD ALI TO GO A FEW ROUNDS WITH HER?
THAT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE!

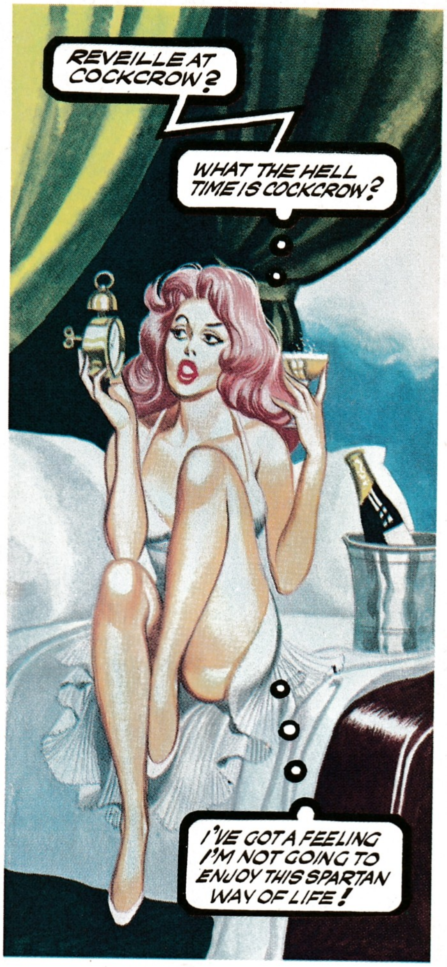

THAT'S IT! YOU'RE NOT JUST A PRETTY FACE, ARE YOU?
OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF IDIOTS—WISDOM!
SOMEONE'S COMING!
YE GODS! MY HUSBAND!
A TRAINING PROGRAMME! A RIGOROUS TRAINING PROGRAMME—BY EXPERTS—IN THE MARTIAL ARTS!
YOU COULD GET SOMEONE FROM THE MARINES? THE GREEN BERETS OR THE S.A.S? ER—JANE FONDA?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS—THEY COULDN'T FIGHT THEIR WAY OUT OF A PAPER BAG!
WE HAVE A FINE MILITARY ACADEMY OF OUR OWN—RIGHT HERE IN TRANSYLVANIA!

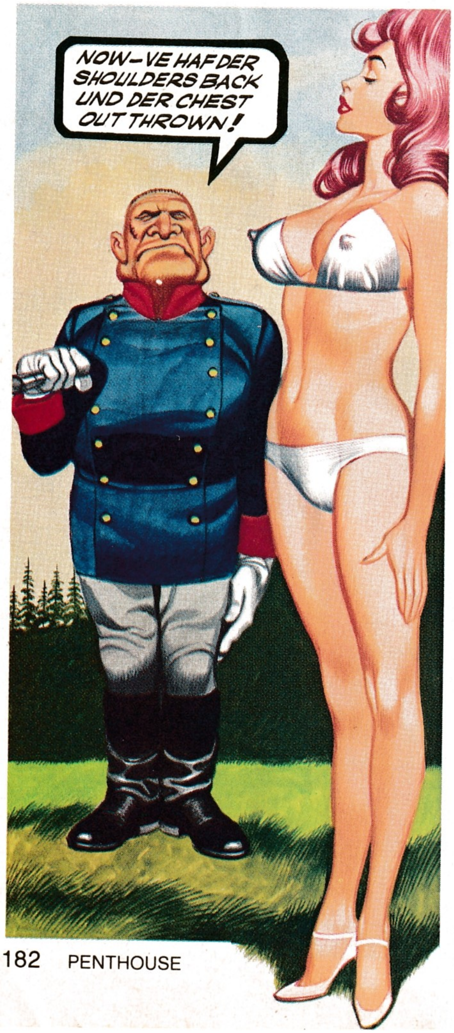

ESPRIT DE CORPS DOESN'T COME NATURALLY TO THE AVERAGE PLEBIAN, MY DEAR BARON. ONE HAS TO BEAT THEM A BIT AND PROD THEM OCCASIONALLY WITH A SABRE..................
....BUT IF YOU TREAT THEM WELL AND INSTILL THE RIGHT DEGREE OF FEAR THEY'LL STUFF THEIR HEADS IN A CANNON BARREL IF YOU SO ORDER IT!
SIT TO ATTENTION WHEN AN OFFICER LOOKS AT YOU!

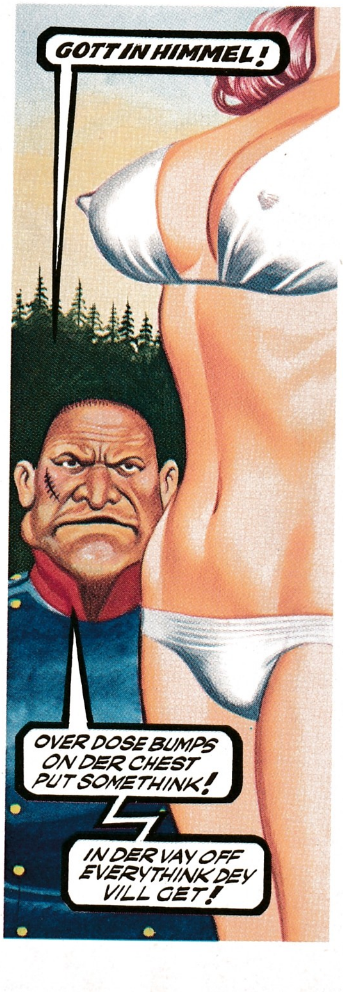

HERE'S TO WAR, FRANKENSTEIN– THE INEVITABLE EXPRESSION OF MAN'S TRUE NATURE!

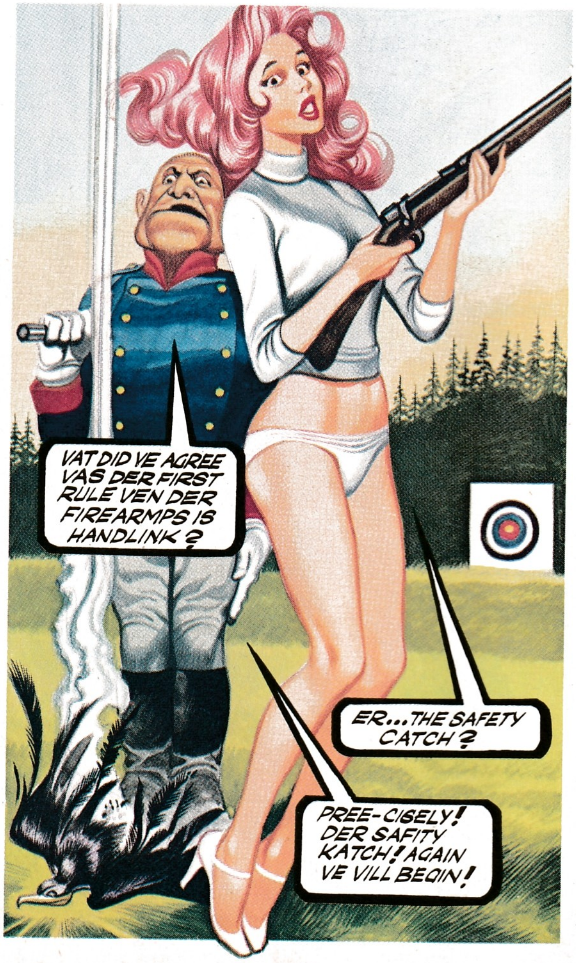

THIS IS THE MAN FOR YOU, BARON –PROVOST SERGEANT STIFFENRODD. ONE OF THE FINEST SOLDIERS THAT EVER SERVED UNDER ME!
SAH!
HE HAS NO INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY WHATSOEVER!
HIS MIND, APART FROM A CARBON COPY OF THE REGIMENTAL DRILL BOOK, IS A TOTAL BLANK!
HE'LL SERVE YOU WELL!

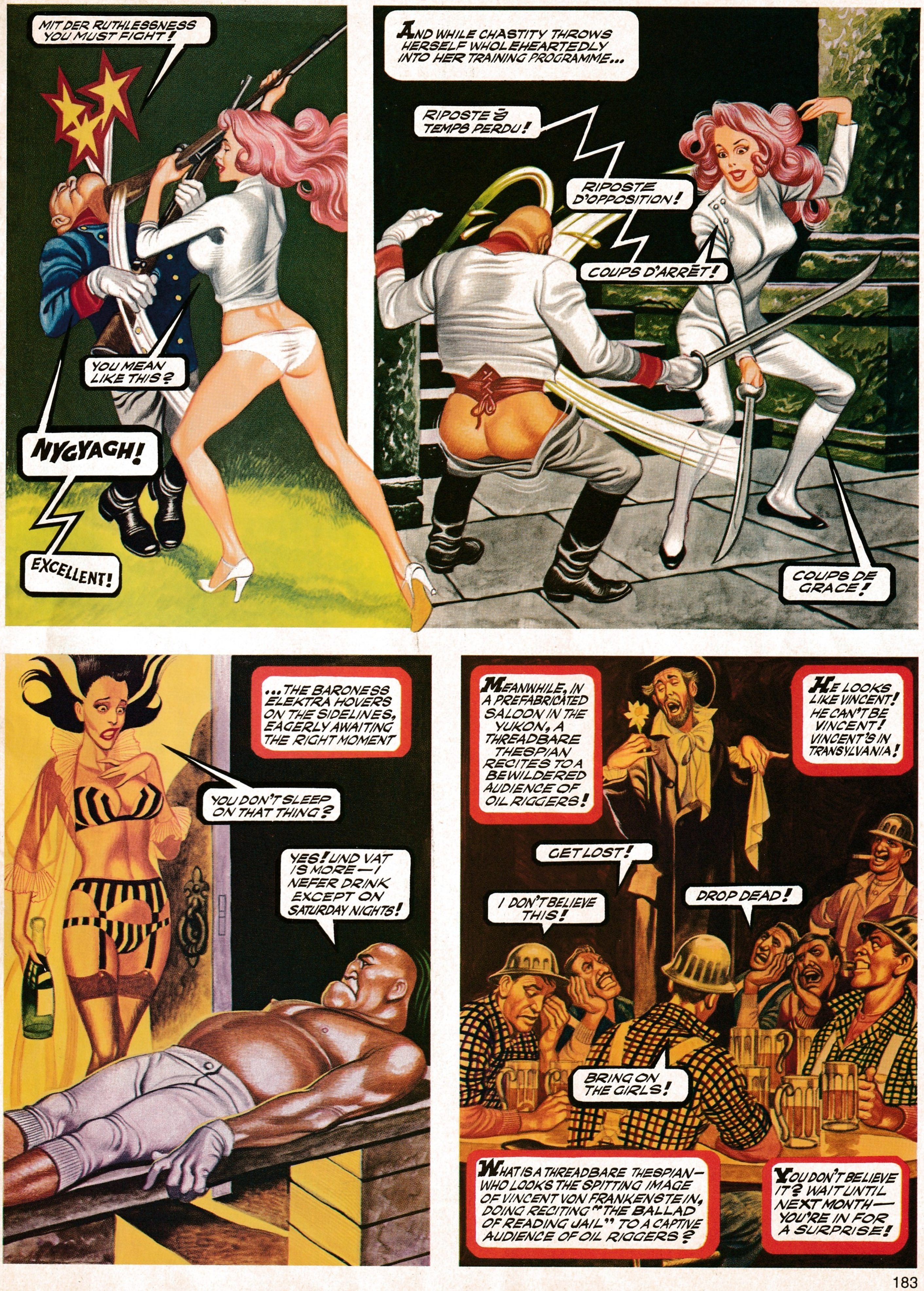

THIS IS MY WIFE AND MY NIECE, SWEET CHASTITY
OH, HE'S GORGEOUS! DO YOU DO EVERYTHING TO DRILL MOVEMENTS?
EFFERYTHINK!
THIS IS GOING TO BE A NEW EXPERIENCE!


REVEILLE AT COCKCROW?
WHAT THE HELL TIME IS COCKCROW?
I'VE GOT A FEELING I'M NOT GOING TO ENJOY THIS SPARTAN WAY OF LIFE!


NOW-VE HAF DER SHOULDERS BACK UND DER CHEST OUT THROWN!


GOTT IN HIMMEL!
OVER DOSE BUMPS ON DER CHEST PUT SOMETHINK!
IN DER VAY OFF EVERYTHINK DEY VILL GET!


VAT DID VE AGREE VAS DER FIRST RULE VEN DER FIREARMPS IS HANDLINK?
ER...THE SAFETY CATCH?
PREE-CISELY! DER SAFITY KATCH! AGAIN VE VILL BEGIN!


MIT DER RUTHLESSNESS YOU MUST FIGHT!
YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?
NYGYAGH!
EXCELLENT!
AND WHILE CHASTITY THROWS HERSELF WHOLEHEARTEDLY INTO HER TRAINING PROGRAMME...
RIPOSTE À TEMPS PERDU!
RIPOSTE D'OPPOSITION!
COUPS D'ARRÊT!
COUPS DE GRACE!
...THE BARONESS ELEKTRA HOVERS ON THE SIDELINES, EAGERLY AWAITING THE RIGHT MOMENT
YOU DON'T SLEEP ON THAT THING?
YES! UND VAT IS MORE—I NEFER DRINK EXCEPT ON SATURDAY NIGHTS!
MEANWHILE, IN A PREFABRICATED SALOON IN THE YUKON, A THREADBARE THESPIAN RECITES TO A BEWILDERED AUDIENCE OF OIL RIGGERS!
HE LOOKS LIKE VINCENT! HE CAN'T BE VINCENT! VINCENT'S IN TRANSYLVANIA!
GET LOST!
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!
DROP DEAD!
BRING ON THE GIRLS!
WHAT IS A THREADBARE THESPIAN—WHO LOOKS THE SPITTING IMAGE OF VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN, DOING RECITING "THE BALLAD OF READING JAIL" TO A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE OF OIL RIGGERS?
YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT? WAIT UNTIL NEXT MONTH—YOU'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE!